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IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

During the last year there appeared in London, a work in two volumes, entitled "Imaginary conversations of Literary men and Statesmen," by Walter Savage Landor, of which a notice is taken in the 79th number of the Edinburgh Review. The book is there said to be spoiled by a spirit of literary jacobinism, though the dialogues are admitted to embrace a great variety of curious and interesting topics; and the style of the period to be well imitated without being mimicked, while a good deal of character and sometimes of humour, is thrown into the tone of the different speakers.

From the source by which we are made acquainted with the work, we draw the following conversation between Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Gray, which is imbued with the very spirit of those old writers, where "all is conscience and tender heart."

"Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state: thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it so: submit in thankfulness. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds.... Alas! alas!

"Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

"Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, although thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence, but it is because thy tender heart having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much; let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

"Jane. I have well bethought me of all my duties: O how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, wouldst thou command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Polybius? the others I do resign unto thee: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel walk: but leave unto me, I beseech

thee, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fire-side and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

"Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed! Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom.... Mind thou thy husband.

"Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget, at times, unworthy suppliant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

"Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

"Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

"Ascham. Ah, Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

"Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening: I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures.... O what treasures!... On which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

"Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well, sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheeks; and if ever he meditate on power, go, toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse. Teach him to live unto God and unto thee: and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.'

We will quote further from another conversation of the same period, and in the same vein of felicitous imitation,—that between Elizabeth

and Burleigh, on the pension of Edmund Spenser, the author of Faery Queen.

"Elizabeth. I advise thee again, Churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou calledst most uncurteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter, or the lord that steddieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buckhounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future?

"Cecil. Your highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts.... A hundred pounds a year of unclipt monies, and a butt of canary wine.

"Elizabeth. The monies are not enow to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The monies are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising Wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs of Fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestic language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me; and haply the more so, inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

"Cecil. How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
Rose-winged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to
spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

"When, springing from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore,
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no
more.

"I have read in Alinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler

words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not, from the fountain of Honour, give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in ‘cold obstruction’ the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and prepensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God has commanded them to stand up on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey, its most faithful propagator and most firm support? The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet many and glorious: the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues. A page of poesy is a little matter—be it so—but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble—it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one, that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board—but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovereign dwell together, next year they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy seal is an earl—what then? The keeper of my poultry yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own, falls off and comes to nothing.—I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them, as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council-chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristoteles who made him so? who taught him every art and science he knew, except three, those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom-friends. Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza: but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle,—he complains of fortune, not of Elizabeth,—of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved, so help me God, he shall have no further

cause of repining. Go, convey unto him these twelve silver-spoons, with the apostols on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom;—besides which, set open before him with due reverence this bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God towards those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of cremin silken hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heelpiece be put into good and sufficient restauration, at my sole charges, by the Italian women at Charing-Cross.’

WILLIAM GRAY.

In the year 18—, I became acquainted with William Gray, whose singular situation first attached me to him, and which was soon cemented by the warmest friendship—that friendship which we vainly hope may last through all the trying scenes and difficulties through which we must pass in this pilgrimage of wo. William Gray was early left an orphan—and his patrimony consisted of a small sum, barely sufficient to give him an education, by which he might be enabled to acquire a profession. He was left in charge of a distant relation, who looked upon him as a burden, and merely discharged those duties enjoined upon him by William’s dying parents as a necessity. Without a brother or friend to whom he might confide—no comforter in his affliction or troubles, it was not strange that his mind should be tinctured with the sadness which mocks all enjoyment. Thus was the brightest period of his life, childhood, spent by him until his 17th year, when he arrived at this place. We past all our leisure hours together, and he seemed to gain a cheerfulness which he had never before enjoyed, and owing to the change of place and circumstances, those asperities in his mind which had rendered him unhappy, gradually wore away—still, at times, even in his liveliest moments, a recollection of his former life and future prospects, would cross his mind, chasing pleasure from his eye, and leaving him gloomy and melancholy. He seemed to progress in his studies, in spite of these dampening reflections; they even seemed to be a stimulant to his greater exertion, having the proud consciousness it was unaided by the patronage of any one, but owing solely to his own diligence and attention.

He had now arrived at his 20th year, when a circumstance occurred which blasted every bud of promise which his exertions presaged. He became acquainted with Adela R—, a daughter of an

old gentleman, who lived a short distance from this place—a beautiful blooming girl of 17. From the first time he had met Adela, he felt an attachment for her, which had increased with further acquaintance. It was now that his hopeless situation rushed upon his mind, and forbade him even to hope. He never made a declaration of it to Adela, but

“Let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud” prey on his mind, and he determined to quit the country. I was with him the night before his departure, when he revealed to me his reasons for quitting a place, where he was unhappy without a chance of alleviation. Adela had never known of his love for her—he was unwilling to render her miserable by involving her in a passion which was so hopeless: from her father he was sure of a rejection for his want of fortune, and his only alternative was to leave the spot which would ever remind him of a passion which he saw must be unavailing. With such views I parted with him; the next day destined for New-Orleans. Soon after, I received a letter from him, stating his intention of starting either for Europe or South America, which was the last intelligence I received from him. In the course of the winter, I had business in Orleans which required my presence. On my arrival there, my first enquiries were for William Gray, which were for some time unsuccessful; after several days, I discovered his place of abode, where I found him in bed confined by a severe sickness, which soon terminated in death. In his last hours, every attention was paid him which friendship could bestow. I found he had never been well since his arrival; and I saw him consigned to

“That shelter for the houseless head
The spot where wretches cease to weep.”

Such was the end of William Gray, whose short life was chequered by every wo. In the bottom of a trunk I found several scraps of poetry, relative to his passion for Adela. Adela has since descended to an early tomb, and the few who knew William Gray have passed along with him, or left the country.

TO ADELA.

This is no resting place for me,
Its joys are joys that are not mine—
No loving smile e’er comes from thee,
Though all my love was ever thine.
To see thee on another smile
And yet to look so calm at me,
And the heart beating all the while
In it’s lone hidden love for thee.
For thee I leave my native shore,
And seek some far and distant home,
And for thee—joy shall never more
Light a heart so weary and so lone.

MARCIAN.

MR. SHERIDAN.

It has been the lot of few to distinguish themselves equally in the ranks of literature and of eloquence. Those eminent writers, who in their closets have composed works which have been reflected upon with admiration and improvement, were generally unequal to the task of extemporaneous elocution, and many of them, even in common conversation, could hardly clothe their ideas in elegant or appropriate language: but there have been geniuses so resplendent, intellects so highly gifted, that we hardly know whether most to admire in their possessors, the elegance of their writings, or the superiority of their eloquence. Amongst the most conspicuous of these stands Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As a dramatic writer, the universal admiration his productions have received, and the high rank they still hold in the drama, is the surest test of their merit. For brilliancy of wit and keenness of satire, his "School for Scandal" is unequalled. As an orator, if we may judge of his eloquence by its effects, he had not a superior, hardly an equal in his age—and when we consider the carelessness of his disposition, the dissipation of his manners, and consequently, his little application, feel still greater surprise at the strength and power of his intellectual faculties. The family of Mr. Sheridan was a literary one; his grandfather, his father, his mother and sister, were all authors. Having enrolled himself in the books of Middle Temple, he married at the age of twenty, and necessity, it is said, compelled him to seek emolument by dramatic composition. The success of his endeavors occasioned his introduction to the most celebrated political characters of the day, and his entrance into Parliament.—Here was a noble theatre for a display of genius, and here it shone with distinguished splendor, and never perhaps more than on the trial of Warren Hastings. Public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch to hear his speech on the Begum charge. The crowd was excessive, and ladies, even of the first rank, awaited the opening of the doors of the house. If we may believe the words of a great orator and powerful antagonist, (Mr. Pitt,) "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern" times, and an adjournment of the house was thought necessary, before the members could exercise their sober judgments. During the perilous times of the French revolution, Mr. Sheridan continued the ablest and most powerful coadjutor of Mr. Fox; and brought to every debate, wit the most brilliant, satire the most poignant, reasoning the most profound, and eloquence the most fervid, in favor of neutrality, and in opposition to the crusade

against France. Death only severed his friendship with Mr. Fox, and to him the praise is due of having never violated his principles nor forsaken his party for the sake of ministerial favor or political aggrandizement. Mr. Sheridan died in 1816.

American.

BOLIVAR.

Capt. Cochrane gives the following account of the Liberator:—Bolivar is a good swimmer, an elegant dancer, and fond of music; he is a very pleasant companion at table; neither smokes nor takes snuff, nor does he ever taste spirits. He endeavors to check the flattery with which he is not unfrequently assailed. At a ball which he gave, a lady rendered herself very conspicuous by loading him with obsequious and unfortunately fulsome adulation. Bolivar at length said to her, in a mild but firm tone: Madam, I had previously been informed of your character, and now I perceive it myself. Believe me, a servile spirit recommends itself to no one, and, in a lady, is highly to be despised."

When Bolivar retired from Cartagena, at the time it was besieged by Morillo, he proceeded to Jamaica for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain whatever supplies were to be met with, in order to render every possible aid to the Patriot cause.—Some Spaniards who had taken up their residence in that island, and who equally hated and dreaded Bolivar, formed the horrible project of procuring his assassination. To effect this diabolical purpose, they bribed a negro, who was to watch his opportunity, and stealing upon the Patriot Chief, while he was asleep, to despatch him without any noise. This wretch, under cover of the darkness of night, entered the house where Bolivar had fixed his abode, and reaching his usual bed room, he silently approached the Hammock, and stabbed to the heart the individual lying there, who immediately expired. The unfortunate man, however, who was thus assassinated, proved to be, not Bolivar, but his private secretary; the former, on that very morning, having removed to another house. The murderer was almost immediately apprehended, and a few days afterwards, hanged. He confessed having been bribed by some Spaniards to perpetrate the deed,—but through, as it appeared, the guarded manner in which they had communicated with him, he was unable to state their names; suspicion, however, rested on some Spaniards who, a few days previous, had quitted the island. Bolivar, on hearing of the assassination of his secretary, exclaimed, "The Spaniards by their crimes has-

ten the completion of our independence; the certainty of this is a consolation under my present heart-rending affliction."

MUMMIES.

Although we are perfectly aware the public has been completely satiated with the sight of and conjectures about mummies, we cannot omit calling the attention of our professional brethren towards the subject, once more. In the New-England Museum, there is one room exclusively set apart for mummies, which, besides the speculations afloat respecting the probable time of their burial, &c. are, and always will be, objects of wonder and curiosity to physicians. As no professed phrenologists have yet given us an opinion upon the shape of the heads of these ancients, we have been at the trouble of forming one ourselves; and from an accurate measurement of the facial angle, according to the principles of modern craniologists, they must have been tolerably sensible sort of folks. The expression of their features, however, if the malar bones are taken into consideration, was far from being beautiful. A narrowness of the chin and os frontis, accompanied by a prominence of the ossa malarum, must give a rather savage expression, and we are therefore led to believe, from a particular examination of the bones of the face, they had a ferocious aspect. The bones, whenever they have been examined, are firm and undecayed. There is such a quantity of resinous matter imbibed by the muscles, that it is nearly impossible to ascertain all the anatomist desires, in relation to the state of the fibres. Neither can we find any one place where the colour of the skin can be detected. There is a certain appearance in the colour of the nails and the toes, which would rather lead a person to suppose these mummies were white; but when the outlines of the face are examined, and the fact is recollect that a copper-coloured complexion and such facial peculiarities generally accompany each other, the conclusion will be a natural one, founded on common observation, that they were either of that hue, or a dark olive, approaching to blackness.

From the vast number of hieroglyphics upon the out and inside of the sarcophagi, (which, by the by, are as great curiosities as the mummies themselves,) we at once infer they relate to some ceremonies of worship; Dr. Gall's bump of *devotion* however, is but poorly developed. If any reliance can be placed on phrenological discoveries, these mummies, although we have great reason to believe they were distinguished persons, were exceedingly prone to quarrels, as the organ of comba-

tiveness, on the scull of an aged mummy, is the only one which is strongly marked. Owing to the snarled condition of a lady mummy's hair, there was no possible way of examining the *amatitive* tuberosity, unusually conspicuous on all heads, whether male or female, among philosophers or barbarians, but there is scarcely a remaining doubt, from the general cast of the face, according to Mr. Coombs' observations, that she was a perfect virago, whose husband contrived this way, (by filling her capacious mouth with aromatic gum,) to keep her tongue still.

Boston Med. Journal.

THE VIRTUOUS WIFE.

[Translated from the German by a Student.]

Whosoever has gained a virtuous wife possesses a treasure of intrinsic worth—a prize of higher value than the most costly pearl.

Such a treasure had Rabbi Meir, the great teacher, obtained. He sat on the Sabbath, in the Synagogue, instructing the people. In the mean time, death, who often aims his poisonous shafts against the infant breast, and spares the aged and infirm, did, by an unexpected stroke, deprive the parents of two goodly sons: both were of handsome shape—both, by a Father's care, enlightened in the law.

His partner looked at first on their bereavement with all the feelings of a tender mother; but, soon her piety shone predominant, and in the duties of the wife, each selfish wish was buried. Anxious to save her husband from those pangs which a too sudden knowledge of his loss might raise, she moved the bodies of her sons into her chamber—laid them on her bed, and with white drapery concealed them.

In the evening Rabbi Meir returned, who, with a father's fond solicitude, enquired, "where are my Sons, that I may give to them the blessing?"

"They are gone into the Synagogue," replied his wife.

"I looked around, while there, in expectation of their coming, but saw them not," rejoined the Rabbi.

She reached him a goblet with wine; he praised the Lord at the ending of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "where are my sons that they may also drink and partake of the blessing?"

"They are not far," she said, and wishing to change the subject of his thoughts, with ready hand prepared their evening meal. Of this he did partake, and after giving thanks, his wife thus spoke: 'Rabbi, permit me to ask your judgment in a cause which much concerns me. A few years since a person gave unto my care some jewels:—these I received with pleasure, watched their safety with an anxious

mind, contemplated with pride their worth, and dared at length to view them as my own, when, in an unexpected hour, a messenger is sent, who, in his master's name, doth claim my valued charge: Shall I restore these gems to him? ' My wife ought not first to inquire this,' said Rabbi Meir; ' wilt thou delay returning to the owner each one he hath lent thee?' ' Oh no,' answered she, ' if it is unjust so to do; but I would not return them without thy knowledge.'

She then conducted him to the chamber, walked forward and removed from the dead bodies their covering. 'Oh, my Sons! my Sons!' cried the father, in the fullness of his grief—' do I find you thus? I gave you life, I enlightened your mental eyes in the law, and looked upon you as the solace of my declining years, when, on a sudden, I find myself bereft of you.'

She turned from him, wishing to conceal the agitation of her mind, but roused at length by the violence of his grief, she seized him by the hand and spoke.

'Rabbi, hast thou not taught me, that it is contrary to the moral as well as religious duties of men, to refuse restoring what is entrusted to their care? Behold, the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'The name of the Lord be praised,' rejoined Rabbi Meir, conscious he had erred in repining at His will who is infallible; in murmuring at His mandate, who is omniscient.

It is truly said, ' Whosoever hath found a virtuous wife has a greater treasure than the most costly pearl; she opens her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

LINES

BY WASHINGTON ALSTON.

Though ages long have past,
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
Is which our Milton told,
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While those with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat,
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
WE ARE ONE!

The greatest moralists have taught, that the advantage to ourselves is the cultivation of benevolence into habit. Much reflection, and too close inquiry, leave time for the selfish passions to stop a charitable impulse. The man who deliberates will generally button up his pocket. Moreover, there is usually some distress where there is supplication. It may not be actually what it pretends; but let us not teach distrust upon system, lest it end in producing a habit of denial. There are many compensations for mistaken charity, none for hardness of heart.

Boaden.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

The first laws are for the most part defective, because they were made at the first erecting of societies, by the first men, and in the first ages.

The first kings were the legislators. Their laws are subject to a revisal, but it is to be presumed, they were usurpers, and that an usurper makes laws for the security of his person, not for the people whom he enslaves.

All conquerors have made laws; philosophers only have made wise laws.

To make laws is the work of necessity, oftentimes the work of tyranny, sometimes the product of a moment. To reduce laws to a system is the work of benevolence and philosophy.

A code, whose form was systematical and the foundation not so, a code, where every thing was abridged, because nothing had been fitted; a code, where one should lay down equitable rules, and yet declare that he still reserved himself a right of abolishing them; without fixing the bounds of the *arbitrary*; a code where the professor or the chancellor appeared in every page, where we expected to find the great prince, would be no admirable code. It might however be so comparatively.

It would be an admirable work, where were laid open the principles of the law of nature, the law of nations, the civil law, and the different relation, which the laws bear to the constitution, the genius, the trade, the religion, the manners of each people. What courage ought not one to have who attempts this task, who surveys its vastness, without being discouraged!—What a genius must there be to chuse, amidst so great a variety of materials, what is most suitable to raise this edifice! What wisdom to conduct it to its perfection. I don't break out into this ecstasy for a mere imagination. This work, far from being a whim of the brain, actually exists for the honour of human nature.—*L'Esprit des Loix* is the code of all nations, and the *president de Montesquieu* is the legislator of the world. It is, without exception, the most valuable present that a man could confer upon his fellow creatures.

Some readers do not find there either order, or principles, or good sense; some people do not observe either order or contrivance or wisdom in the most perfect masterpieces of the divine productions.

Nothing perhaps reflects greater honor on our age, than the favorable reception that book has met with. Could the author have expected it after having contradicted so many prejudices? How glorious a thing is it to have no other enemies but slaves and devotees!

If there be faults in that piece, I dare advance that they will never be discovered by any who at the same time won't be forced to acknowledge, that it is one of the finest that ever was penned.

Palajos.

CINCINNATI:

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1825.

We have not room in our present No. for an account of the late visit of Gov. Clinton to this city and Louisville, but we annex his remarks in reply to Mr. Benham's Address, and shall give such further particulars respecting his visit as will be most interesting, in a future number.

CITIZENS OF CINCINNATI,

The favourable notice taken of my conduct, by the gentleman of distinguished talents who represents you on this occasion, has made an impression on my mind, which will endure with life, and which no event can obliterate. It is true that I have endeavoured to deserve well of our country, and it is equally true that my exertions have been abundantly rewarded in its approving kindness. If my future course shall be marked with any beneficial results to the community, it must be ascribed to the animating and encouraging voice of my fellow citizens. But without further reference to myself, permit me to make a few remarks on a subject of some, and certainly much greater, importance.

The first object that strikes the view of the stranger, on entering the regions of the West, is the superior and extraordinary richness of the soil, evinced, if under cultivation, by the immense quantity and excellent quality of its vegetable productions, and if still unreclaimed, by the towering and wide spread forests which abound with trees of extraordinary dimensions, and with all kinds of plants applicable to the purposes of human accommodation. As he proceeds, he will find that these regions are uncommonly well watered—that a great proportion is not yet occupied, and that, in some parts, settlements are, "like angels' visits, few and far between;" and that in others, they assume a more compact character, and appear rising in gradation from the solitary mansion, to the hamlet, village and town; but surely he would not anticipate the view of a fair and extensive city, springing up on the beautiful river, like Venus from the ocean. Indeed, if it had been predicted some years ago, that in this place, the site of a military encampment, surrounded by hostile savages, and trodden over by the beasts of the wilderness, there would arise, in less than a quarter of a century, a city larger than the greatest secondary city of Atlantic America; carrying on an extensive commerce, and abounding with important manufacturing establishments; containing within its bosom, a numerous, intelligent, and enterprising population, and supplying all that can administer to the accommodation of man—if such a prediction had at that time been made, it would have been set down as the vision of eccentric folly, or the dream of a distempered imagination. But absurd as it might have appeared at the time, it has been fully realized, and as the traveller enters this place, his attention and admiration are divided between an elegant and prosperous city, and the fair river on which it is situate. It has been remarked as the uniform course of human affairs, that the march of knowledge, like the sun, travels from East to West; and truly it would appear in this case, that the embellishments of taste, as well as the acquisitions of intellect, have taken a similar direction. And you have indeed risen into notice, not like a meteor emitting evanescent coruscations, or an Aurora Borealis, dazzling with occasional splendour, but with the steady illumination of a star of the first order.

This favourable state of things must have

arisen from the felicity of your situation—from the enterprising character of your population—from an intelligent view of your relative as well as abstract condition;—from a determination to improve advantages—to surmount difficulties, and to avail yourselves of the beneficence of nature, and the ingenuity of art. You have created accommodating steam vessels by which you have a rapid and lucrative intercourse with the great valley of the Mississippi and its connecting regions. You have also applied the power of steam to the establishment of important manufactures, and the demonstrations of your enterprise are witnessed, not only in the remote regions of the West, but on the shores of the Atlantic.

Will you permit me to remark, that the sources of your prosperity lie in the continuance of the same career and in the encouragement of the means of communication. The contemplated Canal between Lake Erie and the Ohio, is essential to your trade with the great markets of the North. It will give you an easy and prosperous intercourse with the great cities of Philadelphia, New-York, Baltimore, Montreal and hundreds of intermediate and subordinate markets.—A Canal round the Falls of Ohio will facilitate your trade with the regions of the West.—Roads in all directions will be indispensable auxiliaries for the accomplishment of the object. In one word, your philosopher's stone is not to be found in the crucibles of alchemy, but in the products of your soil and in their advantageous disposal. Your Dorados or mountains of gold are to be seen, not in the follies or fictions of ignorance and fatuity, but in the cultivation of a vast inland trade, now at your command, and opening still more extensively for your benefit.

That you may make such a disposition of these great blessings, as may conduct you to an eminence of prosperity, is my sincere prayer; and greatly will I be disappointed in my estimation of men, and in my view of futurity, if a different fate await you.

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While we congratulate the friends of science and literature in the West, we cannot refrain from again urging the inhabitants of our rising city, to shake off their indifference in regard to the Cincinnati College, and with a manifestation of that public spirit and liberality which they have given on so many occasions, endeavour to raise it from its present depressed and unpromising state. While at Oxford and Athens, at Lexington and Nashville, our neighbours are making both personal and pecuniary contributions, for the purpose of rearing up institutions of learning, shall we, whose prosperity is unrivalled in the West, slumber at our posts? Shall it be said that the citizens of this flourishing city, are sending their sons to

tiveness, on the scull of an aged mummy, is the only one which is strongly marked. Owing to the snarled condition of a lady mummy's hair, there was no possible way of examining the amative tuberosity, unusually conspicuous on all heads, whether male or female, among philosophers or barbarians, but there is scarcely a remaining doubt, from the general cast of the face, according to Mr. Coombs' observations, that she was a perfect virago, whose husband contrived this way, (by filling her capacious mouth with aromatic gum,) to keep her tongue still.

Boston Med. Journal.

THE VIRTUOUS WIFE.

[Translated from the German by a Student.]

Whosoever has gained a virtuous wife possesses a treasure of intrinsic worth—a prize of higher value than the most costly pearl.

Such a treasure had Rabbi Meir, the great teacher, obtained. He sat on the Sabbath, in the Synagogue, instructing the people. In the mean time, death, who often aims his poisonous shafts against the infant breast, and spares the aged and infirm, did, by an unexpected stroke, deprive the parents of two goodly sons: both were of handsome shape—both, by a Father's care, enlightened in the law.

His partner looked at first on their bereavement with all the feelings of a tender mother; but, soon her piety shone predominant, and in the duties of the wife, each selfish wish was buried. Anxious to save her husband from those pangs which a too sudden knowledge of his loss might raise, she moved the bodies of her sons into her chamber—laid them on her bed, and with white drapery concealed them.

In the evening Rabbi Meir returned, who, with a father's fond solicitude, enquired, "where are my Sons, that I may give to them the blessing?"

"They are gone into the Synagogue," replied his wife.

"I looked around, while there, in expectation of their coming, but saw them not," rejoined the Rabbi.

She reached him a goblet with wine; he praised the Lord at the ending of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "where are my sons that they may also drink and partake of the blessing?"

"They are not far," she said, and wishing to change the subject of his thoughts, with ready hand prepared their evening meal. Of this he did partake, and after giving thanks, his wife thus spoke: 'Rabbi, permit me to ask your judgment in a cause which much concerns me. A few years since a person gave unto my care some jewels:—these I received with pleasure, watched their safety with an anxious

mind, contemplated with pride their worth, and dared at length to view them as my own, when, in an unexpected hour, a messenger is sent, who, in his master's name, doth claim my valued charge: Shall I restore these gems to him?" 'My wife ought not first to inquire this,' said Rabbi Meir; 'wilt thou delay returning to the owner each one he hath lent thee?' 'Oh no,' answered she, 'if it is unjust so to do; but I would not return them without thy knowledge.'

She then conducted him to the chamber, walked forward and removed from the dead bodies their covering. 'Oh, my Sons! my Sons!' cried the father, in the fullness of his grief—'do I find you thus? I gave you life, I enlightened your mental eyes in the law, and looked upon you as the solace of my declining years, when, on a sudden, I find myself bereft of you.'

She turned from him, wishing to conceal the agitation of her mind, but roused at length by the violence of his grief, she seized him by the hand and spoke.

'Rabbi, hast thou not taught me, that it is contrary to the moral as well as religious duties of men, to refuse restoring what is entrusted to their care? Behold, the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

'The name of the Lord be praised,' rejoined Rabbi Meir, conscious he had erred in repining at His will who is infallible; in murmuring at His mandate, who is omniscient.

It is truly said, 'Whosoever hath found a virtuous wife has a greater treasure than the most costly pearl; she opens her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

LINES

BY WASHINGTON ALSTON.

Though ages long have past,
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
Is which our Milton told,
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While those with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat,
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
WE ARE ONE!

The greatest moralists have taught, that the advantage to ourselves is the cultivation of benevolence into habit. Much reflection, and too close inquiry, leave time for the selfish passions to stop a charitable impulse. The man who deliberates will generally button up his pocket. Moreover, there is usually some distress where there is supplication. It may not be actually what it pretends; but let us not teach distrust upon system, lest it end in producing a habit of denial. There are many compensations for mistaken charity, none for hardness of heart.

Boaden.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

The first laws are for the most part defective, because they were made at the first erecting of societies, by the first men, and in the first ages.

The first kings were the legislators. Their laws are subject to a revisal, but it is to be presumed, they were usurpers, and that an usurper makes laws for the security of his person, not for the people whom he enslaves.

All conquerors have made laws; philosophers only have made wise laws.

To make laws is the work of necessity, oftentimes the work of tyranny, sometimes the product of a moment. To reduce laws to a system is the work of benevolence and philosophy.

A code, whose form was systematical and the foundation not so, a code, where every thing was abridged, because nothing had been fitted; a code, where one should lay down equitable rules, and yet declare that he still reserved himself a right of abolishing them; without fixing the bounds of the arbitrary; a code where the professor or the chancellor appeared in every page, where we expected to find the great prince, would be no admirable code. It might however be so comparatively.

It would be an admirable work, where were laid open the principles of the law of nature, the law of nations, the civil law, and the different relation, which the laws bear to the constitution, the genius, the trade, the religion, the manners of each people. What courage ought not one to have who attempts this task, who surveys its vastness, without being discouraged!—What a genius must there be to chuse, amidst so great a variety of materials, what is most suitable to raise this edifice! What wisdom to conduct it to its perfection. I don't break out into this ecstasy for a mere imagination. This work, far from being a whim of the brain, actually exists for the honour of human nature.—L'Esprit des Loix is the code of all nations, and the president de Montesquieu is the legislator of the world. It is, without exception, the most valuable present that a man could confer upon his fellow creatures.

Some readers do not find there either order, or principles, or good sense; some people do not observe either order or contrivance or wisdom in the most perfect masterpieces of the divine productions.

Nothing perhaps reflects greater honor on our age, than the favorable reception that book has met with. Could the author have expected it after having contradicted so many prejudices? How glorious a thing is it to have no other enemies but slaves and devotees!

If there be faults in that piece, I dare advance that they will never be discovered by any who at the same time won't be forced to acknowledge, that it is one of the finest that ever was penned.

Palajos.

CINCINNATI

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1825.

We have not room in our present No. for an account of the late visit of Gov. Clinton to this city and Louisville, but we annex his remarks in reply to Mr. Benham's Address, and shall give such further particulars respecting his visit as will be most interesting, in a future number.

CITIZENS OF CINCINNATI,

The favourable notice taken of my conduct, by the gentleman of distinguished talents who represents you on this occasion, has made an impression on my mind, which will endure with life, and which no event can obliterate. It is true that I have endeavoured to deserve well of our country, and it is equally true that my exertions have been abundantly rewarded in its approving kindness. If my future course shall be marked with any beneficial results to the community, it must be ascribed to the animating and encouraging voice of my fellow citizens. But without further reference to myself, permit me to make a few remarks on a subject of some, and certainly much greater, importance.

The first object that strikes the view of the stranger, on entering the regions of the West, is the superior and extraordinary richness of the soil, evinced, if under cultivation, by the immense quantity and excellent quality of its vegetable productions, and if still unreclaimed, by the towering and wide spread forests which abound with trees of extraordinary dimensions, and with all kinds of plants applicable to the purposes of human accommodation. As he proceeds, he will find that these regions are uncommonly well watered—that a great proportion is not yet occupied, and that, in some parts, settlements are, “like angels' visits, few and far between;” and that in others, they assume a more compact character, and appear rising in gradation from the solitary mansion, to the hamlet, village and town; but surely he would not anticipate the view of a fair and extensive city, springing up on the beautiful river, like Venus from the ocean. Indeed, if it had been predicted some years ago, that in this place, the site of a military encampment, surrounded by hostile savages, and trodden over by the beasts of the wilderness, there would arise, in less than a quarter of a century, a city larger than the greatest secondary city of Atlantic America; carrying on an extensive commerce, and abounding with important manufacturing establishments; containing within its bosom, a numerous, intelligent, and enterprising population, and supplying all that can administer to the accommodation of man—if such a prediction had at that time been made, it would have been set down as the vision of eccentric folly, or the dream of a distempered imagination. But absurd as it might have appeared at the time, it has been fully realized, and as the traveller enters this place, his attention and admiration are divided between an elegant and prosperous city, and the fair river on which it is situate. It has been remarked as the uniform course of human affairs, that the march of knowledge, like the sun, travels from East to West; and truly it would appear in this case, that the embellishments of taste, as well as the acquisitions of intellect, have taken a similar direction. And you have indeed risen into notice, not like a meteor emitting evanescent coruscations, or an Aurora Borealis, dazzling with occasional splendour, but with the steady illumination of a star of the first order.

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arisen from the felicity of your situation—from the enterprising character of your population—from an intelligent view of your relative as well as abstract condition;—from a determination to improve advantages—to surmount difficulties, and to avail yourselves of the beneficence of nature, and the ingenuity of art. You have created accommodating steam vessels by which you have a rapid and lucrative intercourse with the great valley of the Mississippi and its connecting regions. You have also applied the power of steam to the establishment of important manufactories, and the demonstrations of your enterprise are witnessed, not only in the remote regions of the West, but on the shores of the Atlantic.

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other institutions, and resting supinely, when the great cause of education demands their aid and consideration! We hope not. Our eligible location on the banks of the Ohio;—the uncommon healthfulness of our city,—the moral and industrious habits of our population, all indicate the peculiar fitness of the Western Metropolis, as a seat for literary and scientific institutions.

CINCINNATI FEMALE ACADEMY.

The third annual Examination of the pupils in this interesting Institution took place on Thursday and Friday last. A list of the Medals and Premiums awarded to the more distinguished of the scholars, as well as the Address of the Principal, will be found in our columns of today. The Examination was highly creditable, both to the pupils and their teacher. From our acquaintance with many of the young ladies of this Academy, and from its flattering success, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Dr. LOCKE well qualified to discharge the duties incumbent upon him in his present station. To a considerable extent, he has adopted in his Academy the plan of Pestalozzi and Fellenburg. Punishments are almost abolished, and rewards employed so far only, as may be necessary to counteract the attractions which society presents to the youthful mind. Those young ladies who are advanced in their studies, are required to take charge of the younger classes, and perform for a time all the duties of the Principal. This plan is beneficial, inasmuch as it excites emulation, and compels those who are acting in the capacity of teachers, to digest and make a practical application of their previous acquirements. All the departments of knowledge, embraced in the most liberal course of female education, are taught in this Academy; and it is gratifying to perceive, that substantial acquisitions are more highly prized than shining accomplishments. Whatever the pupils profess to have studied, they have studied thoroughly.

It is but three years since the first establishment of this institution, and its prosperity thus far has been uninterrupted, and is greater now than at any former time. Within the short period of its existence, THREE HUNDRED PUPILS have been members of it; and of that number not one has died, and but few have been seriously ill:—A remarkable fact, and one which speaks volumes in favor of the general good health of our city. We make this remark for the benefit of persons at a distance, who may feel disposed to give their daughters the advantages of our Female Academy. Those who have apprehensions about the unhealthiness of Cincinnati, have very erroneous impressions upon the subject. In regard indeed to health, we may fearlessly challenge a comparison with any town in the western country.

We cannot refrain from expressing some surprise as well as regret at the marked indifference manifested by our own citizens towards this important Academy. Very few persons indeed attended at the late Examination, although the occasion was one which might be supposed peculiarly attractive. Such a course is discouraging, both to the Principal and his pupils. It is really singular that parents should not by their presence in the Academy, at least once a year, be willing to give encouragement to their daughters while attaining the elements of an useful education. Such a state of things, we are fearful (nay we should hope) is peculiar to our city. Is the public Examination of several classes of youthful females, in Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, History, Arithmetic, Moral and Mental Philosophy, less attractive to the taste of our worthy citizens, than an exhibition at the MUSEUM, where gentlemen inhale Nitrous Oxide and cut antic capers, for the amusement of the public? We hope at some future day, to be justified in giving a more encouraging answer, than we can now venture upon, to this interrogatory.

CINCINNATI FEMALE ACADEMY.

J. LOCKE, M. D. Principal.

The Examination of this institution took place on Thursday and Friday (28th and 29th inst.) Medals and Premiums were awarded to the most distinguished pupils.

The GOLD MEDAL, to Miss FRANCES W. WILSON for excellence in most of the various branches taught.

SILVER MEDALS to the following young ladies: Miss MARY A. LONGWORTH,* for Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Miss AMANDA V. DRAKE,* for Mental Philosophy.

Miss CHARLOTTE DE WITT, for History.

Miss SARAH A. WASHBURN, for Rhetoric.

Miss CHARLOTTE C. WILLIAMS, for Moral Philosophy.

Miss ELIZA LONGWORTH, for Botany.

Miss SYBIL RUTER, for English Grammar.

Miss MARY A. CLOPPER, for Geography.

Miss AMELIA LOOKER, for Geography.

Miss JANE B. KEYS, for Arithmetic.

Miss AGNESS DAVIES, for Reading.

Miss MARY BURRUSS, of Washington, Mississippi, for Reading.

Miss MARY SIMPSON, for Writing.

A letter of commendation, to Miss JANE MORRIS, of Columbia, for Arithmetic.

PREMIUMS were awarded to the following Misses, of the Preparatory Department:

SARAH KAUTZ, of Cincinnati.

SIDNEY NORTON, of Natchez, Mississippi.

COURTNEY ANN TERRELL, of do.

After the young ladies had received their rewards, they were addressed as follows by the Principal:

“YOUNG LADIES—With these rewards of your industry and perseverance, you receive the most cordial approbation of your instructors, the kindest regards of your friends, and the admiring applause of the public.

*Miss Longworth and Miss Drake, who have previously received Gold Medals, still continue members of the Academy, and have distinguished themselves in the higher branches of Education.

The zeal and uninterrupted attention with which you have prosecuted your studies, deserve particular notice. Some of you, for a whole year, have not omitted a day nor a single recitation. Neither the inclemency of the elements, nor the syren allurements of pleasure, have diverted you from the direct path to knowledge, reputation and virtue. An honourable competition has excited you to your utmost exertion. But such has been the good feeling among you, that the malignant passions, said to be the inseparable attendants on emulation, have not made their appearance.

The effect of the system we have adopted has far exceeded my expectations. My attention to control and government has scarcely been needed. I have thus been left at liberty to teach you without interruption. I have realized what I once thought a mere poetic vision, that it is indeed a

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought.”

Some of you are now about to leave the Institution. Through the favor of Divine Providence, to whom we ascribe all good, you have acquired no inconsiderable share of useful knowledge.—Continue to cultivate it, and with it the habit of doing good. You will thus secure your own happiness and increase that of those with whom you are in any way connected. I part with you with regret. But I feel confident of your friendship, and that you will continue to cherish the principles I have at various times inculcated. My ardent wish and prayer will ever be for your prosperity and happiness.”

The Church in which the examination was held was decorated with the drawings and paintings of the pupils. The exercises of Thursday were commenced with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Johnson; those of Friday with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Ruter. The various performances were enlivened at intervals by appropriate music; and the whole was closed with a pious and impressive address and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Miscellaneous Items.

National Road.—JONATHAN KNIGHT, Esq. who it will be recollectcd was appointed to locate the National Road, from this place, west, to the seat of government of Missouri, arrived here a few days since from St. Clairsville, and is making the necessary preparations to enable him to enter upon his duties. We understand that he purposes setting out on or about the 8th of the ensuing month, when the Surveyor will be on here, who is now finishing the location of about 20 miles of the road, from St. Clairsville, west. In the mean time, we learn, Mr. Knight intends exploring the country between this place and Columbus, in order to facilitate the location.—*Zanesville Republican*, July 23.

The fevers of Cyprus, unlike those caught upon other shores of the Mediterranean, rarely intermit, but are almost always malignant. The strictest attention therefore is paid by the inhabitants to their diet. Fortunately for them, they have no butter on the island; and in hot weather they think it fatal to eat meat, or indeed flesh of any kind unless boiled to a jelly. They likewise carefully abstain from every kind of pastry; and from eggs, cream and milk.

Cure for Fever.—I was in my turn attacked with a violent fever, and having but little confidence in the treatment prescribed by our European surgeons, whose practice was rather at fault in this burning zone, (South America,) I made an attempt to cure myself; and for that

purpose got up to the neck in a tub full of cold water, and remained 24 hours in it. This rash expedient proved successful; the fever left me.

Mem. of Count Segur.

We are informed that application was made, some time ago, to the Patent Office, by Doctor RAFINESQUE, Professor in the Transylvania University, for a Patent for a new invention connected with Internal improvements, and calculated to facilitate the raising of stocks for useful and profitable undertakings. He is now in this city, where he has come to enter the specification of his discovery, which he calls the DIVITAL INVENTION, and to offer the use of it, in the first instance, to the Commissioners of the Potomac and Ohio Canal, in order to obviate any difficulty or deficiency that may occur in procuring the whole capital required for this great undertaking. We have not heard the particulars of this scheme, and in fact a part of it, relating to the prevention of forgery, is not to be disclosed; but the outlines of this invention, as stated by the inventor to some friends, appear to bear the marks of novelty, utility, and practicability. We have been promised a more detailed statement of this invention at a future day, and of the numerous applications of which it is said to be susceptible.—*Nat. Intel.*

NEW YORK, JULY 18.—Our Minister to Mexico.—We have the pleasure to inform our readers, that our Minister, Mr. POINSETT, arrived in Mexico on the 25th May; that he received great attentions in all the towns he passed through, from Vera Cruz, where he landed, to Mexico; and that a most flattering public reception was given to him by the constituted authorities of the Republic, on his arrival at the seat of Government.—*Evening Post.*

Benefits of Canals.—We have frequently directed the attention of our readers to the benefits and advantages which have accrued to those communities where a wise and liberal policy has been exerted in the establishment of canal communications. The following instance, we think, cannot but be regarded as one of the most striking which has as yet been presented.

American.

The Pilot Line—one of the lines for transportation on the Erie Canal—give notice that they now transport goods and merchandise from New-York to Buffalo, at One Dollar and Twelve and a half cents per. Cwt.

The distance from New-York to Buffalo is upwards of five hundred miles.'

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—The 48th number of this highly popular national work, is just published. It abounds with well written and learned criticism, and is fully equal, if not superior to any of the preceding numbers. This, and *Silliman's Journal*, have contributed more than all our literary productions towards establishing our reputation abroad. Of the N. A. R. besides 3000 copies printed in this city, an edition is reprinted in England, which has an extensive circulation. Although it is prohibited in France, occasioned by a narrow and misapplied policy, it notwithstanding finds its way into that kingdom and is perused with approbation and pleasure by the literati. It is a work that cannot be too highly prized, reflects much honor on its erudite editor, and should be in the hands of every man who makes any pretensions to literature.—*Boston Mirror.*

"The last of the Mohicans," a new Novel, by the author of the Spy, Pioneers, &c. is announced as in the press, and shortly to be published, by Mr Wiley, of New-York.

Literary Notice.—The first number of the BOSTON MONTHLY MAGAZINE, edited by Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. was published on the 15th June. Contents:—Prospectus, Memoir of Bishop Cheverus, Vision of Lafayette, Useful Arts, &c., Philosophy of Mechanics, Biographical Sketch of Tasso, The Lost Child, Notice to Correspondents, Poetry. Notices of New Publications:—Memoir of Josiah Quincy, Jr., Sullivan's Address to the Suffolk Bar, Everett's Oration at Concord, Hadad, a Dramatic Poem. Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

The New-York Evening Post states that Chief Justice Marshall is engaged in writing, and indeed is far advanced towards completing a history of the American government, from the adoption of the constitution to the termination of Washington's presidency.

Lawyers' Argument.—In a case lately tried in England, where the proper management of his cause, by a lawyer, came incidentally into discussion:

"The LORD CHANCELLOR said, that our learned countryman and great moralist, Dr. Johnson, speaking of the duties Counsel had to perform, had expressed his opinion that it was their duty to argue the cases of their respective clients in the best manner they were able, for the purpose of forwarding their interest. His Lordship said he heard the same great moralist, for he was well acquainted with him, say, that Counsel, in pleading, were bound to state every fact accurately in every cause, and to quote every decision they knew had any application to it. Such was the doctrine of Dr. Johnson, and his Lordship said, he was apprehensive that it had done harm, proceeding from so eminent a character; but if it had, it was in consequence of his meaning not being perfectly well understood. His opinion was, that Counsel, having stated every case and every fact fairly, it was to be taken for granted that the Judge knew better than either of the Counsel how to apply the facts and the decision referring to them, and that the Judge, being in possession of every thing that was necessary to inform his mind, the Counsel had then nothing to do but to argue, as well and as strong as they could, in favor of the parties they represented.

"Mr. SUGDEN observed, that it was certainly the duty of a Counsel to state to the Court every case which he conceived had a bearing upon the matter of the argument, but he thought it would be going a great deal too far to admit that a Counsel was bound to state a case which he was conscious made against him.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR appeared to assent to that proposition. He said he would not enter into the question further, but it reminded him of an anecdote on the Western Circuit which he would relate. When the late Mr. Justice Buller used to quote a case from his book, which he thought made for the side of the question he happened to be supporting, Sergeant Davy used to say, now, brother Buller, let me look at the other end of your book, to see the case you have got there."

The Russian census exhibits an increase of serfs for the year 1822 of upwards of half a million. Amongst the deaths are enumerated 213 persons who reached the age of 115 to 150 years.

It appears by the papers laid before Parliament, that the claims of American citizens, for slaves and property captured during the late war, was 380,000*l.* 6*s.* and the amount allowed by the commissioners, 334,594*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*

Four editions of the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Wayland, of Boston, "on the moral dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," have been printed in London.

The nett profit arising to the State of New-Hampshire, from the State Prison, from June 1824, to June 1825, was \$3,340 57.

Mr. Northcoate tells us, that a clergyman, a friend of Mr. Opie, declared to him, that he once delivered one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses to the Royal Academy from the pulpit, as a sermon, with no other alterations but in such words as made it applicable to morals instead of the fine arts.

Remedies—For the gout, toast and water; for bile, exercise; for corns, easy shoes; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for the toothache, pluck it out; and for love, matrimony.

RELIGION.

Nothing is more talked of than religion—nothing less understood. Without comprehending what it really is, the spirit of bigotry would arrogate the whole, nor allow of its being without the contracted pale of a particular sect.

MAN.

Man, if he compares himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compares himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

Transylvania University. MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE LECTURES in this Institution will commence, as usual, on the first Monday of November, and terminate the last day of February.

ANATOMY and SURGERY, by Dr. Dudley.
INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE and CLINICAL PRACTICE, by Dr. Caldwell.

THEORY and PRACTICE OF MEDICINE, by Dr. Drake.

OBSTETRICKS and DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, by Dr. Richardson.

CHEMISTRY, by Dr. Blythe.

If a new appointment by the Trustees should not be made before the opening of the Session, MATERIA MEDICA and PHARMACY will be divided among the present teachers, so that the course of instruction will be as full as at any preceding period.

Since the last Session, the LIBRARY, consisting of nearly 3000 volumes of rare and standard works, has been enriched by an extensive importation of Medical, Surgical and other Scientific Journals, both European and American.—It is kept open as a reading room, every evening, Sundays excepted, throughout the Session; and every student, moreover, has the privilege of constantly keeping out and using two volumes.

The ANATOMICAL MUSEUM comprehends a great variety of elegant and instructive wax preparations, fabricated by the first artists of Europe.

The LUNATIC HOSPITAL of the state, to which the students of the Medical School have gratuitous admission, affords advantageous opportunities of studying the symptoms and treatment of all the varieties of Mental Alienation.—

To students at a distance from Lexington, the Library, Museum, Summer Lectures, Societies of Emulation of the Institution; and the cheapness of living, healthy situation, and good society of the town, may be indicated as inducements to remain in the neighborhood of the University during the vacation.

The Professors will receive, as they have done heretofore, the paper of the Commonwealth's Bank at par. DAN. DRAKE, M. D.

Dean of the Medical Faculty.
Transylvania University, July, 1825. 6w

The Prefaces to novels are not often read, as the most diligent readers of that kind of books seek to amuse themselves, and not to obtain a knowledge of their authors. The following passages, which we extract from the preface to *REDWOOD*, a novel by an American Lady, may not have been seen by many of our readers, and if so, they will be pleased at meeting them here.

THE multiplication of books is the cause of much complaint, and it must be conceded that the inconvenience is not trivial to those who are, or suppose themselves, under an obligation to pay some attention to the current literature of the day. When however the matter is duly considered, it will be found that this inconvenience, like most others, is not an unmixed evil, but productive of many advantages. It is not a conclusive objection to a new book, that there are better ones already in existence that remain unread. The elements of human nature and human society remain the same, but their forms and combinations are changing at every moment; and nothing can be more different than the appearances and effects produced by the same original principles of human nature, as exhibited in different countries, or at different periods of time, in the same country.

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

As times and manners change, it must be evident that attempts to describe them must be as constantly renewed and diversified. We are aware that apprehensions are entertained by many intelligent persons, that the stores of wisdom and knowledge which have been collected by our predecessors, will be neglected and forgotten through an insatiable appetite for novelty; but we think that such apprehensions are often carried too far. The acquisitions of knowledge, wisdom, or even wit, once made, are rarely lost, except by some of those great changes which, for the time, subvert the foundations of society. The original fountains may be remote and unknown; but the river laves our fields, and passes by to diffuse its treasures among other regions; and even if its waters are lost to our sight by evaporation, they descend again in showers to embellish and fructify the earth in a thousand forms. Just so it is with intellectual treasures. Very few persons now read the works of Aristotle, and not many those of Bacon: but the wisdom which they first taught, or perhaps collected, is now spread far and wide by numerous modes of diffusion, and is incorporated into the minds of thousands who know nothing of its origin; and we may even remark, that one cannot turn over the pages of a modern jest book, or the files of a village newspaper, without

meeting embodied in narratives of the incidents of the day, the essence of the same jokes which nearly two thousand years ago Cicero related for the amusement of his patrician friends.

We have suggested these reflections with the double view of reconciling the lovers of former excellence to the invariable course of things, which ever did, and ever must, offer the present to our view in great magnitude and strong relief, and gather over the past the constantly increasing clouds of obscurity. There have been in ages past, and we trust there will be in future, individuals whose productions, in spite of all changes of time and language, will command attention and respect; but the course of things nevertheless has been, that as society has advanced, each generation has drawn more and more upon its own immediate resources for intellectual amusement and instruction.

DELAYS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.—1825.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure:
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourned have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

During the decline of life the elder Colman was afflicted with mental imbecility, and was under the care of a nurse named Croaker, at Paddington, who, whenever she appeared in the garden, was greatly annoyed by two maiden sisters, by the name of Dove, resident at the next house, singing, "Arrah, will you marry me, my dear Ally Croaker?" The old lady, enraged, related the circumstance to Colman, who, notwithstanding his malady, had his lucid intervals, and on hearing which, recommended her, on the next af-front, to recriminate by the air from the Beggar's Opera, "In the days of my youth I could bill like a Dove." This she did, and it had the desired effect by driving the ladies not only from the house, but the neighborhood, where the occurrence was quickly circulated.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT IS DEATH?

I asked of Fancy what it was to die—
Her shivering figure back recoiled;
She waved her hand as at some spectre nigh,
And her eye rolled in horror wild!
But from her clay-cold lips no murmur fell—
A death-like silence chained her tongue—
That awful vision seemed a fatal spell
On which some horrid mystery hung!
As she, who fate Sodom turned to view,
Was changed to chrystal statue there;
That question o'er fair Fancy's figure threw
The marble coldness of despair!

Then next I questioned Reason—what was death?

But her placid brow grew stern,
She answered:—one short pang—but parting breath—

The last sad lesson mortals learn!
'Tis but the dreamless slumber of the tomb,
A bed beneath the turf we tread!
'Tis leaving life's broad glare to seek in gloom
A pillow for the aching head!
And tho' 'tis noisome—this decaying clay,
Yet with it shall decay all strife—

Then hail! bright sunset to a stormy day!

Home of the wanderer of life!

I stood upon the sea shore—and the storm
Rolled loudly thro' the rattling sky!
I saw Religion—like a rain-bow form,
And asked her what it was to die.
Her bright eye through the dew-drop looked to
Heaven,

And Heaven shone in unclouded blue!
She pointed o'er the sea, a barque storm-driven,
Its haven reached all perils thro'!
Sweetly she said—as lightnings from the gloom
Seek Heaven's pure ether once again;
For Heaven, the good man's spirit leaves the
tomb,

And death is but the death of pain!

June 7th, 1825.

LINDEN.

The United States Literary Gazette.

CONTENTS OF NO. VII.—JULY 1, 1825.

REVIEWS—Memoir of the life of Josiah Quincy, Jun.; Reform of the Harvard University, Examination of the Report of the Second Committee, expense of Board and instruction; Sullivan's Address.

MISCELLANY.—A Residence in Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Irvine; Italian Lyrical Poetry; Bembo, Biographical Sketch of his life, his Sonnets, "To Italy," "Turning to God;" Guidicioni, Biographical Sketch of his life, his Sonnets, "To Rome," "To Italy."

ORIGINAL POETRY.—The Graves of the Patriots; Sunrise on the Hills; The Spirit of Beauty; Epitaphs from the Italian.

CRITICAL NOTICES.—Westminster Review for April, 1825; Sayings and Doings, Second Series; Wheaton's Address; The Refugee, a Romance; Garnett's Lectures on Female Education; The Grecian Wreath of Victory; Decision, a Tale; The Town Officer's Guide; New-York Review and Atheneum Magazine; Battle of Bunker, or Breed's Hill.

INTELLIGENCE.—New Work relating to Lord Byron; A peep at the Pilgrims in 1636; Number of American Works published during the last quarter; Statistics of Paris; John Bull in America; School upon the plan of Fellenberg; Wooden Watchman; Mortality of the rich and poor; Newly discovered Quadruped; New University in England; New Route.

List of New Publications; List of Works in Press. LITERARY ADVERTISER.